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Letter from Louise Imogen Guiney, Five Island, Maine, to Anne Whitney, Shelburne, New Hampshire, 1900 August 4

Louise Imogen Guiney

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My Dear Miss Whitney:

Joy in fountains

So you mid the mountains,

from me

By the sea!

which I find swirly as a bigger
Androscoquin, under today's sun-
ny nor'easter. I depart for B. P.
f. early on Monday morning, and
I am not invoking Time, in order
to bid him fly faster. Mother is
sunburned, and looks well as
can be, in her small moated cot,
which the carpenter has vastly
improved. We have also a new
shed, quite baronial. The well,
and a big maple tree, are at the
door, and the creek at flood tide
is a luxurious bath-tub; and
out o' winder one has the ever-
lasting sea, to say nothing of a
pine grove, and a lobster cage of

your very own, and blueberries infinitely numerous. Only thirty days to be lived, and sixty dollars to be earned, and lo! I shall be ^{here; and} back, as Charles Lamb says, a Superannuated Man. I hope that my well-beloved Mary Jordan, now at Shelburne, will join me later at this end of the world, which she loves as much as I do.

Mr. Stone cavaliered me as far as some junction, where our ways divided. It was a cool nice journey. I had a pleasant night in Portland, did the errands, and got off betimes, next day. My dog was glad I came. In fact, he danced a two-days-long balleh, a pas seul, by way of expressing his sentiments. He sits down by a blueberry bush, and plainly invites you to feed him, then and there. Also, he

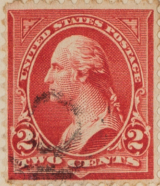
has an aboriginal friend here, who catches and cleans euneces for the King Dog's pleasure use: all for love. These blue days still remind us how much we need rain. I find the farmer.

My love to Miss Manning; my love and thanks for a delicious holiday, and much else, to you.

Frederick Deland's, Maine.

L. J. P.

3rd August, 1900.



Miss Anne Whitney,
Shelburne;

M. H.

